

LONDON's New CRY:

OR, THE

Dumpling Woman's Delight,

ith an Account of the Miraculous Cures, wrought upon old and young Men and Women, by the Vertue of, *The diddle, didle Dumplings of London.* To the Tune of, *March Boys.*

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

Friends, I'm a Gentlewoman born,
although by Misfortunes much decay'd,
Yet nevertheless, I do not scorn,
to practice an honest thriving Trade;
I wander about in my fine Night-rail,
through *Southwark*, and likewise *London City*;
Where-ever I go I never fail
to sing this wonted pleasant Ditty:
Dumplings, dumplings, didle, didle Dumplings;
Friends, I have got both large and little,
Here in my Pot, they are hot; Are they not?
I know my Calling to a tittle.

I make them with Fat and Flower fine,
nay Currents, and likewise curious Plumbs;
Old Women if you have a mind to dine,
they'r delicate tender for your Gums:
You never did eat the like before,
and so you will say, if you'r pleas'd to try them;
Where-ever I go, I have sale good store,
Young Women as well as Lasses buy them:
Dumplings, dumplings, didle, didle Dumplings, &c.

Your Firmity, Rice-milk, and Grey-pease,
and likewise your greasie Pudding-pies;
There's none of them can compare with these,
good People, I scorn to tell you lies;
They'll quicken a Damsel that is dull,
likewise they've a greater Operation,
Girls, fill but your Bellies, bumping full,
they'll comfort you to admiration:
Dumplings, dumplings, didle, didle Dumplings, &c.

Whoever has tasted of the same
will give me a due deserved Praise,
Protesting, before abroad I came,
they n'er eat the like in all their Days:
Old Women with these are fat and fair,
and Batchellors likewise know their Duty:

Besides my Dumplings, I declare,
will grace a Damsel's Cheeks with Beauty:
Dumplings, dumplings, didle, didle Dumplings;
Friends, I have got both large and little,
Here in my Pot, they are hot; Are they not?
I know my Calling to a tittle.

My Dumplings has strange Wonders wrought,
kind Neighbours I'll make it well appear,
Wherefore by the Gentry they are bought,
where-ever I travel far or near;
They'r better, I tell you, then the *Bath*,
in helping young Women to their Teeming;
I would not deceive you by my troath,
sweet Wives, you know my modest meaning:
Dumplings, dumplings, didle, didle Dumplings, &c.

A Woman not far from *Charing-cross*,
who had been a dozen Years a Wife,
Poor Soul, she was always at a loss,
she'd n'er been with Child in all her Life;
But when she had eaten twice or thrice
my delicate Dumplings, then soon after,
She bred, nay brought forth in a trice,
A champion Boy and curious Daughter
Dumplings, dumplings, didle, didle Dumplings, &c.

A Man that was Threescore Years of Age,
he marry'd a Wife of Twenty Two,
Alas! he was often in a rage,
because that the Trick he could not do;
But feeding upon my Dumplings still,
altho' he was in so old a Station,
He: fancy he often did fulfil
and pleas'd his Wife to Admiration:
Dumplings, dumplings, didle, didle Dumplings;
Friends, I have got both large and little,
Here in my Pot, they are hot; Are they not?
I know my Calling to a tittle.

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